

CONDUCTED BY  
O. R. Thacher  
AVON PARK, FLA.

DEPARTMENT OF

# The South Florida Sun

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to O. R. Thacher, Avon Park, Fla.

## AVON PARK LOCALS.

Dr. Gullett of Zolfo, made the Park a short visit on Monday.

O. P. Wernicke made a business trip to Wauchula Saturday accompanied by his father.

We understand that several people whose names have not been given us yet are coming with the Butlers about Nov. 1st.

Mrs. Frank L. Smith and her little girl who have been visiting Mrs. Burleigh for a few weeks past, returned to Tampa on Saturday with health considerably improved.

Mrs. Doolittle and her infant child came back from Wauchula last week. The babe appears to be a little better since the doctor's treatment began.

W. R. Doolittle is giving his house a coat of paint, and will give it one or two more coats in the winter. Geo. F. Smith is helping on the job.

Mr. T. D. Walden of Highlands, N. C., arrived here for the winter on Sept. 22nd, and is occupying his cozy cottage on Lake Tulane. He had a hard time with the hay fever at Highlands and came here for relief and cure.

"The proper study of mankind is man," your neighbor, for instance; and for a "working hypothesis" always assume the worst you can imagine; thus you will grow more and more like the model you have set up in the studio of your imagination.

Mr. O. P. Wernicke has just bought a full-blood Jersey cow, registered. She has a young calf, and is said to be a splendid milker. She is probably the most valuable cow ever owned in Avon Park.

B. F. West has recently fixed up the fence on the street sides of his corner lot of 20x100 feet at the southwest corner of block 46, section 22, which is owned by Dr. McCartney with the exception of this little corner.

Mr. Geo. F. Kellogg has just been improving the appearance of his property by fixing up his fences, cleaning off the sidewalks and a broad strip along his side of the streets that bound his home lot of three acres on the north, west and south.

Tuesday Rev. S. J. Townsend, Mrs. Townsend, Miss Grace Townsend, Mrs. Isabella Bennett, Miss Edith Bennett, Clarence Bennett and little Miss Fannie Bennett started for Winter Haven by overland route. They go to attend a Christian Endeavor convention there.

We have received the October number of "Word and Works Magazine," the first number of the new series enlarged and greatly improved, and combining the Iri R. Hicks almanac. This new combination will give the magazine a great uplift in its circulation. Word and Works Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The camping party that started for the lakes last week found the outlet of Lake Letta such a deep stream that they could not ford it, and so they turned back and camped at the Buck place till the next day, and returned home, claiming that they had a good time.

S. J. Brown has a letter from Dr. Muir, written from his home in Hallock, Minn., to which he had just returned from his Pacific coast trip. His wife remained behind in Portland for a little longer visit. The doctor did not really say he would come to Avon Park the coming season, but what he did say seemed to warrant a rather strange inference that he might be expected here. He stated very clearly neither himself or his wife liked California, and they visited the principal places in the State, north and south, but much preferred Florida.

Miss Edith Bennett and her brother Clarence will go from Winter Haven to Winter Park to enter the school there. They may not be here again until the end of the school year. We are glad they have this opportunity and hope they will make the best possible use of it. The children came here as little ones eleven or twelve years ago and have grown up here, and for five years their mother has stood at the head of the family. John, the eldest, has proved a plodding, faithful boy and has now entered his 21st year. The entire family enjoy the well-deserved respect of all their neighbors, and we all feel an interest in their well-being.

For Sale.

A story-and-a-half cottage in Avon Park in good condition, 5 rooms with furniture. The house is well painted, attractive in appearance, situated within less than 5 minutes walk of either stores and postoffice. The lot is 100x100 feet, pleasantly located. Price \$400, cash. Title perfect. Inquire of W. R. Doolittle, Avon Park, Florida.

### Defying the Game Law.

It seems to be true, upon what appears to be reliable circumstantial evidence, that all through this month of September, the game laws of Florida have been trampled under foot in a most outrageous high-handed manner in DeSoto county, in the lake region a few miles south of Avon Park. Last week Deputy Sheriff William Krause went to the vicinity of Lake Jackson and saw plenty of tracks of teams and wagons that had recently come into that neck of the woods. He followed on and heard guns in the distance. At length he saw a man some distance ahead who motioned him off, but he continued on. Then the sentry, for that is what he appeared to be, raised his gun and pointed it directly at the approaching deputy sheriff, who, not knowing the countersign, acted upon the hostile sign that he saw, and turned in another direction. Mr. Krause became satisfied that some of the men at least who are engaged out there in the slaughter of game in defiance of the law of the State, are desperate enough to commit murder to escape detection. He says if a sufficient force were sent he is quite willing to be one of the number to go, but that it is simply foolhardy for one man to go alone. He thinks that this gang of law-breakers comes from a distance, probably from beyond Peace river, and some of them quite likely from Hillsborough county.

So it seems that while the people who live in the vicinity of the game keep a watch upon each other, a gang of thieves from a distance sneak in and scoop the whole business. The law should be impartially enforced and there should be an available force sufficient to do it, or else repeal all the game laws and give all an equal chance to kill and destroy to the full satisfaction of their murderous instincts.

### Improvements That Show There is Something Doing at Avon Park.

J. C. Burleigh has had plenty of building work going on for several weeks past, keeping several men busy besides himself, and it will last a good many days yet. The work on his store and dwelling involves several alterations and improvements in the old part, as well as much new building, and when all is completed he will have fully one-third more floor space in his store. This added room has been needed for a good while to provide for the orderly arrangement of the different lines of goods kept in stock.

Back of the store, fronting on the side street—Waycross—is the entrance hall to that part of the building constituting the dwelling. From the hall, doors open into the dining room on the east, the kitchen on the north, the main store on the west, and also on the west into the hall from which the stairs go up to a light and pleasant sitting room on the second floor, and five large, light, airy bed rooms on that

floor. The kitchen and dining room are flanked by spacious porches which furnish a great deal of convenient and useful room.

Besides his own work, Mr. Burleigh has had the work on the Dart cottage, which is not yet finished, although the brick fire place and chimney are built and the principal part of the carpenter work done.

### Found

A place where you can get your tailor-made suits, cloaks, caps, rain-coats, shirts etc., CHEAP with satisfaction guaranteed in quality of goods and fit or money refunded.

Call and see samples and fashions for fall and winter.

M. W. Sargent, agent for Edward B. Crossman & Co., Avon Park, Fla.

### STOVE WOOD FOR SALE.

William Krause & Son are now ready to book orders for stove wood cut to any length desired. We have a supply on hand of those lengths mostly called for, and as the season advances and more wood is used, we shall be in readiness to supply all the stove wood used here, and we respectfully solicit orders for all you need.

WILLIAM KRAUSE & SON, 8-1111 Avon Park, Fla.

### FOR RENT

For the Winter or Year.

Four furnished rooms in good repair; kitchen, pantry, dining room and bedroom, all on first floor, separated from rest of house by open passageway. Porch on the north, east and west; best of water from a 70-foot driven well, piped to kitchen porch. Wish to rent to small, nice family who will board one or two occupying other part of house.

Address, O. R. THACHER, 9-1-3m Avon Park, Fla.

## B. F. WEST & CO. BANKERS.

(Successors to Bank of Avon Park)

AVON PARK, FLA.

Transacts a General Banking business.

Interest paid on time deposits.

### POST YOURSELF

On the merits of the Huntley Orange and Grape Fruit Sizer, manufactured by G. W. Gibson, then order one, and be ready to ship your fruit to the early market. For description, address

G. W. GIBSON, Arcadia, Florida.

## J. C. BURLEIGH

Sash, Doors, Moulding

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Fertilizers, Hay, Grain and Groceries.

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**B. F. WEST & SON,**  
Feed and Fertilizers,  
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Everything that you want, and at right prices.

AVON PARK, FLORIDA.

## AN INDIAN'S CUNNING

THE BLACKFEET'S STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE.

Daring Strategy by Which This Fleetest of All Steeds Was Secured For His Own Tribe by the Smartest Thief Among the Crows.

All Indians who use horses are very fond of horse racing and not only race their own horses against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes and used to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year and after the hunting was over pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time not so very long ago the Blackfeet had the very fastest horse that any one knew of, the fastest horse of which any one could tell or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe, for Indians are very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious were the Stoney, the Crow, the Sioux, the Creeks and all the other Indians of the plains.

Stealing is considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious. The Blackfeet, therefore, kept the wonderful race horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells for the Hudson Bay company's nearest fort, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a tepee pole inside a big tepee and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the tepee and "clinch" it tight with thongs of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white beauty of a horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians told his chief and the head men that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crawled through the grass to the tall bluff along the Bow river (north of our Idaho, I think, was the locality), where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him bark, that would set all the other dogs barking, and he would be obliged to run for his life. Stealthily, as only an Indian can move on his soft-soled moccasined feet, this arch thief of the thieving Crow Nation crept into the Blackfeet camp. He had to step over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another tepee and took a travois from its side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheel-less wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch thief of the Crows used the one he put up against the horse tent. On it he climbed to the top of the tepee, and from there he got a view of the interior, looking down between the tent poles that form the sides of the chimney hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent poles; he poled his body very nicely in the chimney opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back.

The instant he felt himself on the back of the beast his knife, which was in his hand, swept through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels shot in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's heels urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse. But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a mad ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph home to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased. From Julian Ralph's "Stories Told by Indians" in St. Nicholas.

### Bolled Down.

"Blinks has a perfect mania for condensing everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

### Agreed.

Wife—If I thought a thing was wicked I wouldn't do it. Husband—Neither would I. Wife—Ugh! I think smoking cigars is a wicked waste. Husband—Then you should not smoke. Hand me a match, please.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

## A PLEA FOR GOOD PIE

IT IS A WHOLESOME FOOD IF IT IS PROPERLY MADE.

The Crust Should Be of Water-like Thinness and Crisp and Flaky. Five Rules to Be Observed in the Making of a Perfect Pie.

Although food theorists and food cranks have varying opinions as to the wholesomeness of certain foods, they one and all agree in denouncing pie. It is the one dish most ardently condemned, and yet the one dish most universally liked—at least by Americans. Still, notwithstanding the bad reputation pie enjoys, it is a wholesome dish if properly made.

In making it the average housewife rolls out a heavy, sodden crust, and then spreads it in a thick layer over the bottom and sides of a pie plate. She forgets to rub this crust with the white of egg and immediately puts in the filling of custard, fruit or mince meat, whose juices will later soak into the crust, making it still more sodden. She then covers the pie, perhaps, with another layer of this thick pastry and puts it in an oven that is not hot enough. The oven should be so hot that the pastry will brown before the butter in it has barely a chance to melt. The crust will then be crisp.

Another reason why pies are so universally disapproved is that they are nearly always made with lard, or half lard and half butter. Lard should never be used in a pie or, in fact, in any dish. An eminent physiologist in a leading university says that "lard is the bane of American cookery and is fit for no stomach except a pig's." A tiny bit of lard in a batch of bread may be excusable, but even then butter is better.

All pie crust, of course, should be of water-like thinness. Not only are properly made crusts harmless, but some popular fillings are exceedingly wholesome. What, for instance, could be better than a custard or a pumpkin filling? The latter is, as a rule, only a custard rich in eggs, with an addition of pumpkin and a few spices, which are aids to digestion.

Without doubt all pies should be eaten in moderate portions, especially by delicate persons, but this rule applies to any dish. Even cream is not good for persons under certain conditions, yet no one but a crank would deny it to a person in good health. Many food faddists expect healthy people to live daily on an invalid's diet.

There are five rules to observe in the making of a perfect pie. First, rub the undercrust with the white of an egg before putting in the filling to prevent it from soaking into the pastry; second, bake it in the hottest of ovens; third, place it in the lower half of the oven at first against the bottom, later removing it to the upper shelf; fourth, always place crust in the refrigerator to become thoroughly chilled and hard before filling and baking it; fifth, pound the pastry well until it is filled with air spaces.

Volumes could be written on the correct treatment of pastry. Any of the recipes in standard cookbooks will do, however, if a few details are carried out.

A marble board is an ideal arrangement for rolling pastry. A current household magazine suggests that the hideous marble tops of old fashioned tables might be fitted up for this purpose.

Smooth, even pie crust is an abomination, and yet many housekeepers think that is the proper way to have it, and sometimes they will even be heard to complain when by accident their pie crust is rough and almost breaking into wafer-like flakes. This flakiness is, however, the proper condition of pastry.

Pies as a rule are better adapted to a winter than a summer diet, because of the butter, which makes them too rich for warm weather fare. Fruit pies, however, are good at all seasons, and there are few things more attractive than huckleberry and other fruit pies even in the hottest dog days. There are also many good cold meat pies which are welcome at picnics. When preparing a chicken or meat pie it is always better to add a little baking powder to the regular recipe for ordinary pie crust.

Add one cup of butter to every two cups of flour (pastry flour). Then chop together in a wooden bowl, with an ordinary old fashioned chopping knife, until the mixture is broken into small bits the size of peas. Add half a cup of ice water. Mix with a knife, then beat and turn and beat and turn until the whole is smooth, but full of lightness. This pounding and turning is better if done upon a marble board in a cool storeroom or cellar. Never touch the pastry with a spoon or the hand, but with a knife; then put it where it will become ice cold and hard before rolling it out.

There are several variations to this rule which can do no harm. If baking powder is wanted, add a teaspoonful to this amount of flour and butter.—New York Tribune.

### Not So Attentive Now.

"Is Tim Shimmers still paying attention to Mandy Tompkins?" asked the man who had been away from home for some time.

"No," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "They don't neither of 'em pay any 'tention to the other. They're married."—Washington Star.

### The Truth of It.

"Yes," said old Skinner proudly, "luck and pluck made me, but mostly pluck!"

"Yes," interrupted the man who knew him, "luck in finding people to pluck!"—Exchange.

Money can be lost in more ways than won.—Philadelphia Record.

## History Shows That the Old Ruler of Russia Was a Monster.

Years ago, when a low standard of morals prevailed, the epithet "Great" was bestowed upon any monarch who won battles and enlarged the territory and resources of his kingdom. It is little then to the historian who can be a king's private chaplain, to praise him as a good ruler. Peter the Great, he made his nation great by his brute strength and far-reaching policy. If he was a bad man, as many declare, he was a bad man who was a king's private chaplain, to praise him as a good ruler. Peter the Great, he made his nation great by his brute strength and far-reaching policy. If he was a bad man, as many declare, he was a bad man who was a king's private chaplain, to praise him as a good ruler.

Peter, when the fit was on him, literally caned everybody—from his cook to his counselor, from the meanest peasant to the highest noble—sparring neither age nor sex. He would get up from the table and fog the host who was entertaining him. He would stand at the door of the senate house and fog each senator that went in. Lefort was an intimate and trusted friend, yet on slight provocation he was knocked down and brutally kicked by his imperial master. But all this fogging was in the way of recreation. When Peter "meant business," it was a more serious matter. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless well authenticated that one of his own sisters—it is said more than one—received 100 strokes of the whip on her back in the presence of the whole court.

In 1713 Alexis, his only son who outlived infancy, was for some offense of no great seriousness several times tortured in the presence of the diabolical father and in the end died either from the effect of the torture or by assassination. For sympathizing with Alexis the Princess Golitsyn, the bosom companion of the Empress Catherine, was publicly whipped by soldiers. For the same reason the brother of his first wife, Eudoxia—whom he had thrown into prison—was tortured and then torn in pieces on the wheel. Nothing ever told of Nero is more horribly grotesque than this, yet this man, or monster rather, is paraded before the world as Peter the Great.

### SUCCESS THOUGHTS.

The best in others will only come out to meet the best in you.

The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world.

One reason why we do not make the most of the winning material in ourselves is because of a magnified idea of the great superiority of others who do things in the world.

As a rule no good comes from criticizing others. Anybody can do that, but the man who can accept his own honest estimate of himself and resolve to profit by it has achieved something.

No matter what you are doing, think your way. Don't go without thinking. Think everything out. Don't run without a schedule. Have a programme and go by it. Think! Think! Think!—Success.

### Mr. Noble's Promise Given.

In the early stages of his ministry the Rev. Mr. Noble preached for some time in a village in Maine. One day a committee called upon him to settle with him for his services, and, after stammering awhile, signified to him that his further services were not desired.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked the parson.

"Why," replied the spokesman, "some hesitation, 'the people have the impression that you are inclined to universal salvation.'"

"Gentlemen," answered Mr. Noble, "I never have preached that doctrine, but if I ever should I promise to make the people of this town an exception."—Boston Herald.

### Women and Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend that torn dress. The wearer appealed to her car neighbor.

"Have you any pins?" she asked. The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. At last sixteen pins were produced. Fourteen of them were contributed by men.

"We never need them as much as the women, but somehow we carry them and they don't," said one of the latter.—New York Post.

### Early Railroad.

In the pioneer days of railroading it was sometimes necessary for the freight conductor to run forward over the roofs of the cars to shout orders to the engineer. Traveling at night was generally avoided, though one road adopted the expedient of running ahead of the locomotive a flat car loaded with sand, on which a headlight was kept burning as a headlight.

### Seeing Double.

"You brute!" exclaimed Mrs. Lushley. "It makes my blood boil to see you come home in this condition." "M' dear," said Lushley, "you look beautiful when you're angry."

### Indeed?

"Yes. Anyhow, you shert'ly look doubly beautiful to me jusst now."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Simple Truth.

Reporter—Well, to make a long story short—Editor—A good copy reader is necessary.—Cleveland Leader.